

THE Relief Society Magazine

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Music in the Church and in the Relief Society.

No people on the earth have appreciated music, or have given more encouragement to the untrammelled expression of this exquisite art, than have the Latter-day Saints.. The Prophet Joseph Smith loved music with a strength that amounted to a passion. He was not himself a trained musician, but his soul was attuned to harmony in every sphere. So that, under the inspiration of the Lord, he made music a part of every ritual and sacrament of this Church.

In 1830, when the Church was organized, music in the United States was in its swaddling clothes. Dr. Lowell Mason was just beginning his pioneering work of improving the New England psalmody. There was no public orchestra, no philharmonic, no opera, no chamber music recitals, and no music publishing houses. A very few operatic and instrumental virtuosi later found their way from Europe to America, that is, between 1840-1850. Only one choral society existed—the Handel and Hayden Society of Boston, founded in 1815. Churches still looked upon secular music as second only in allurements and danger to dancing and “playacting.”

The Latter-day Saints made a bold leap into musical tradition when they incorporated all musical possibilities in social intercourse, on the hearthstone, and at the altar.

Away back in Kirtland, the Prophet made music an integral part of every social, domestic, and divine service. Elder M. C. Davis was the choir-leader there, and he had at least three assistants; for when the Kirtland temple was dedicated, the choir was divided into four parts, and placed in the four corners of the room, while the four choristers had seats in the pulpits at each end of the hall. The songs sung on that glorious occasion were nearly all original; “Ere Long the Veil will Rend in Twain,” by Parley P. Pratt, and “Oh Happy Souls who Pray,” “Hosanna,”

"This Earth was once a Garden Place," the latter three written by W. W. Phelps. One hymn by Watts, "How Pleased and Blessed was I," was placed upon the program. The congregation no doubt joined in the happy strains of prayer and praise on that wonderful occasion.

The Prophet's close associate—Brigham Young—came from a musical family; his father, John Young, was an excellent singer, while his mother, Abigail Howe, was one of the first Howe sisters who sang everywhere in their native Massachusetts towns. The Young brothers—John, Joseph, Brigham, and Lorenzo—sang quartets with natural harmonic gifts. The Prophet loved to hear the Young brothers sing, and often invited them to his house to make music. "Mother" Whitney—wife of Bishop Newel K. Whitney—was a sweet singer, and her quaint ballads and hymns were always called for in the home of the Prophet.

Susan Devine was Nauvoo's most glorious female singer. She was a sister-in-law to William Pitt, the leader of the brass band and of the string band of Nauvoo. Another Nauvoo musician was Mrs. Pitchforth, who was an accomplished pianist; she went from house to house, giving melodeon, piano and organ lessons—for there were pianos in Nauvoo, President John Taylor had one, and President Heber C. Kimball had one and brought his piano across the plains to the Valley. The splendid Nauvoo Martial Band, under the baton of Demick Huntington, was an inspiration to young and old, alike.

There were pioneer distinctions between a "string-band," which had violins and viols as the greater part of the equipment, and the "martial band" which was made up of reed instruments augmented by drums and cymbals, and the brass band was a group of brasses and drums. These bands, with the established church choir, were all a necessary part of the life of Kirtland, of Missouri, and especially of Nauvoo.

Many of the early Saints were Methodist converts, and these brought with them the gems of Watts and Wesley. The Prophet discarded such hymns as "Come, ye Sinners Poor and Wretched," but loved, "Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah" and "How Firm a Foundation."

It was the habit of our song writers and song singers at that time to "compose" words to fit any favorite tune—whether religious or secular. In this, they copied all of the early church musicians. We had many song singers and song writers during the first thirty years. Among these were Parley P. Pratt, W. W. Phelps, our own beloved Eliza R. Snow, John Jaques, Wm. Clayton, C. W. Penrose, Henry W. Naisbitt, and Alexander Niebaur. The earliest hymn composers were C. J. Thomas, John Tullidge and that dean of "Mormon" musicians and composers, George Careless. His hymns constitute our most beautiful contribution

to Church music, while he himself brought choral music to its highest mark in our history.

One of the pioneer musicians—Prof. C. J. Thomas, conductor of orchestra and choirs, has the distinction of being the oldest active musical worker in the Church. John Kay was a famous singer of Nauvoo. Duzette was a favorite leader in those days. A famous Utah pioneer orchestral conductor was Captain Ballo, a converted Italian, who had been the leader of the Brass Band at West Point, before joining the Church. When asked once why he did not bear his testimony, he replied in broken English: "I bear my testimony with this," at the same time fingering his beloved clarinet. He is said to have been a finished clarinet player, and fine musician. Of the early choir leaders were John Parry, Stephen Goddard, James Smithies, C. J. Thomas, Robert Sant, George Careless and Ebenezer Beesley.

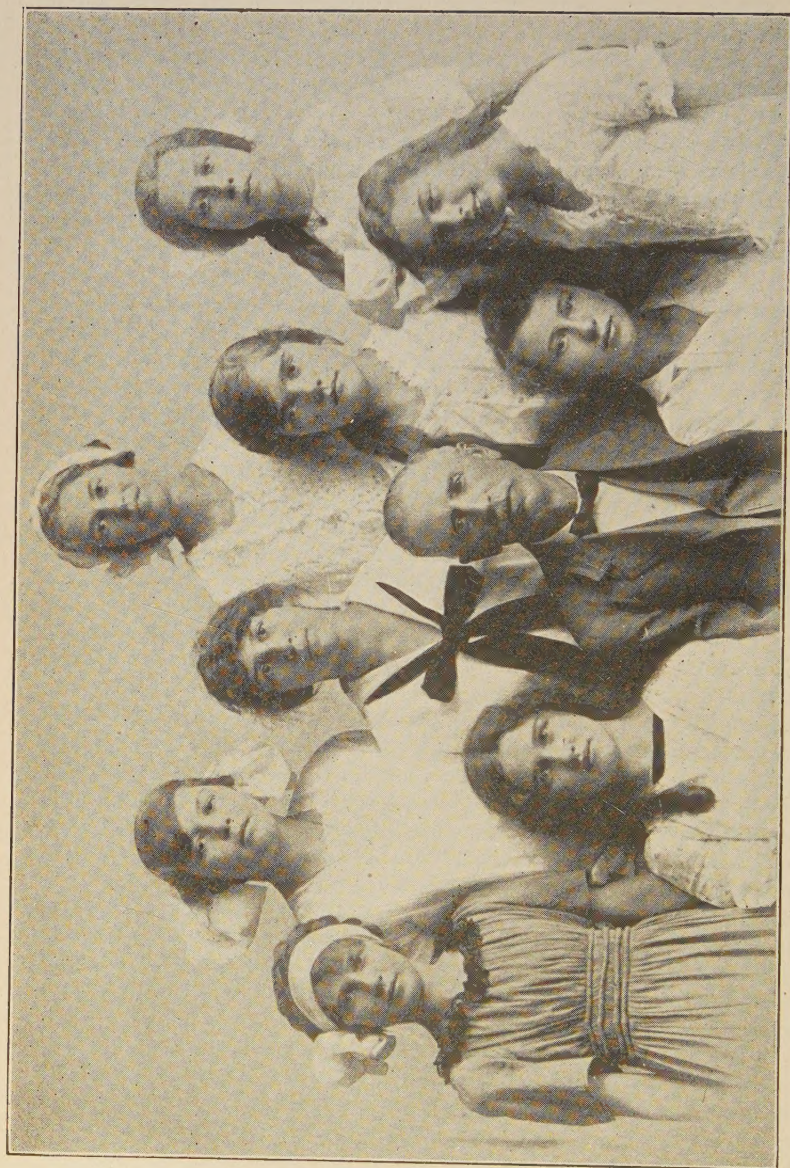
Mention must be made of Professor Evan Stephens who, although much later, is equally gifted as poet, composer, singer and leader. He has made an indelible name for himself in the musical annals of this Church. The Tabernacle Choir, under Prof. Stephens has taken three epochal trips, one to the Chicago Fair, one to sing for the Irrigation Congress in New York City, and one to Los Angeles and San Francisco. The present Choir is greatly enlarged and is of international fame.

Not all the fine musicians are located in Salt Lake City, by any means. This little sketch could not reach to half the Church boundaries, and proclaim the excellence of stake and ward choirs, leaders, singers, instrumentalists and composers who constitute a very remarkable percentage of every one of our eight hundred wards and branches with the seventy-odd stake divisions that constitute our Church today. Among locally famous musicians, none surpass in magnetic leadership, and in extreme popularity, the dean of music at the Brigham Young University, Professor Anton C. Lund, a graduate of the Leipsic Conservatory. The leader of the Provo choir, Prof. Adolph Boshard, is a natural musician of fine taste and enthusiastic leadership. Prof. George Thatcher of Logan is one of Utah's most scholarly and polished musicians. His sister, Nettie Thatcher Sloan, is also a fine musician, pianist and singer.

The Ogden Tabernacle Choir, under the leadership of Prof. Joseph Ballantyne, has a national reputation. His work is of the highest type of leadership and musical beauty. He took his superb choir to the Portland Fair, and recently to the Panama-Pacific and California Expositions, with credit to all concerned.

Another local favorite musician is John Chamberlain whose sweet song written and dedicated to the Relief Society, appears in this number.

His choir of little girls who sang this song at headquarters



PROF. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS CHOIR OF GIRLS.

recently demonstrated anew the affectionate regard in which this zealous and faithful musical leader is held by those who know his worth.

It will be remembered that none of the churches during the middle ages permitted women singers to take part in the rituals. Not until Martin Luther broke away so completely from the narrow tradition of the mother church, were women permitted to sing in public or in the church. And even now, women are not allowed as a rule to sing in the Catholic church choirs, nor in the High Church Episcopalian services, where men and boys carry forward all the official musical exercises. The Protestants, however, permitted women to sing in the congregations, and mixed quartets began to be quite popular in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But it was a long while before organs were permitted in the churches of the reformers and their later followers.

In ancient Hebrew times, women were afforded wide opportunities in musical work. We read in the scriptures of there being men and women singers in all the temple services. Miriam sang and danced at the head of the women on the shores of the Red Sea, giving responses to the song of Moses, who led the men in that solemn festival. Deborah sang an exquisite song of triumph, after her victory over Sisera. Mary's song is still the masterpiece of the ages, and is sung as the magnificat in all the Catholic churches.

But with the apostasy of the Middle Ages women were driven out of their places in the church services, and art, music, science, and education altogether were confined to the priests.

No greater evidence of the liberality of the Church to women could be shown, than in the revelation which was given to the Prophet's wife—Emma Smith—in July, 1830, directly after the Church was organized. Think of it, you women who bask now in the sunshine of inherited freedom and equality with the men in this Church! Think what it meant for the Lord to say to this wonderful and favored woman:

"And it shall be given thee, also, to make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in my Church;

"For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

Through this revelation the door of advancement was opened, and women were given a wonderful opportunity for art culture. The first hymn book of the Saints was prepared by Brigham Young, Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor, in Liverpool, in 1840. Since then, this book has passed through 25 editions, and is the most popular published work in the Church.

The combination of women's voices in duets, trios, and choral

work is very modern indeed. One hundred years would cover the time that such privilege and opportunity have been offered for women singers.

Within the last 25 years, everywhere in the Christian world, women have entered boldly into every phase of musical achievement, except, perhaps, one, and that is in the composition and conducting of great choral and operatic works. There are a number of gifted women composers in the simplest musical forms—women conductors are known, while women performers and vocalists are as numerous as sands upon the seashore. When the Lord gave Emma Smith that wonderful revelation, there were few women in musical life, and no American had then attempted to gather and publish a collection of hymns. Side by side with men, women sang in all of the Kirtland and Nauvoo choirs, and enlivened the dreary and unhappy journeys across the plains, with the Utah pioneers. Every company had its choir and every ward church since then, has had a mixed choir, where women sing, and usually compose the greater number of such choirs.

The Church has produced a galaxy of women singers of varied rank and power. Among them, in early days, Susan Devine leads with Elizabeth Ann Whitney, Mary Ellen Kimball, Melissa Jane Bigler Lambson, Sophia Goodrich Hardy, Elizabeth Neslin, Zina D. H. Young, Emily Partridge, and Emmeline B. Wells as associate singers in the choir and around the hearthstones of the Nauvoo and Utah pioneer homes. It would be impossible to name all of the gifted singers of former or later days in the limits of this brief article. Some historian should assume this pleasing duty.

Sister Eliza R. Snow was beloved by the Prophet for her rare poetic gifts. She was one of the greatest hymn writers we have ever had. Her hymn, "O my Father," is one of the standard hymns of the Church. She early began her hymn-writing, and continued throughout all her life. In her later years, she made a fine collection of hymns which she published for the Primary Association. So exacting was she in this labor, that she carried on a voluminous correspondence with eastern composers in order to make her work as nearly perfect as might be.

Chief of all of the Utah pioneer women singers stands the name of peerless Lavinia Careless whose glorious lyric soprano voice transported the soul to heavenly realms on the rising waves of melody. The early Church was full of beautiful singers. Among them may be mentioned Fanny Young Thatcher, daughter of President Young, who was both singer and performer. In a family where all were musical, and some were excellent musicians, Fanny was the best—her voice was sweet, true, and very sympathetic, while her piano and organ "touch" was exquisitely beautiful. She was one of the pioneer organists of the old tabernacle,

under Professor C. J. Thomas, her sister Mary preceding her in this position. Her sister Janet was likewise an excellent singer and player. Among these pioneer singers was Lizzie Nunn, who was a famous singer, of English birth. Then came Margaret Thomas Romney, who was noted as being a beautiful soubrette actress, and with a charming soprano voice; also Elizabeth ("Lizzie") C. L. Thomas, wife of Professor Thomas. Later came Margaret Swan Hull, lovely dramatic soprano; Sarah Olson Langford, who followed Mrs. Careless as leading soprano of the Tabernacle choir; Agnes Olsen Thomas, whose contralto voice was the inspiration and delight of all Utah; Louie Wells, who had a rare dramatic soprano, while her sister Emmie—both daughters of our honored President Emmeline B. Wells—was also a sweet singer. Nellie Druce Pugsley, supreme as Utah's lyric soprano, is still singing to the delight of all; Bessie Dean Allison, whose rich and mellow contralto voice will never be forgotten in Utah nor ever heard again. She possessed a splendid contralto voice, which she used, however, only in light opera, where she has been a favorite for a number of years. She died Sept. 2, this year, in Ogden. A relative of hers, Ella Ridges, possessed a beautiful voice, and sang very charmingly.

The three Tout singers have beautiful voices, and both Hazel and Margaret have made a pronounced success on the light opera stage. Margaret and Nannie both had gifts which would have qualified them for grand opera, if they had taken the time and spent the money necessary for this arduous labor and exalted position. Margaret Tout Browning is the possessor of a magnificent voice, with a charming personality which wins friends wherever she goes. It is a great pity that she confines her work to light opera fields.

Hazel Taylor Peery is another favorite local singer, and possesses a lovely, light, coloratura soprano voice; and is also a charming actress, with much histrionic ability. She has studied in the east, and if she had gone on the stage, she unquestionably would have made a great success.

Emma Ramsey Morris is one of Utah's greatest and most gifted dramatic sopranos. She had a good training under Mme. Correlli of Berlin. If she had followed her profession only she could have attained the greatest heights. Arvilla Clark Andelin is still another gifted and favored contralto. Luella Ferrin Sharp is a beautiful and popular lyric soprano. Mrs. Della Daynes Hill is another exquisitely lovely soprano. Mrs. Leonine Savage is still another brilliant soprano, who was well-beloved here. Edna Evans, in charge of the vocal department of the University of Utah, has a sweet and flexible soprano, and is as well a fine little actress. Among our Salt Lake singers might be mentioned Sarah Lees Woods, who has a lovely voice, and sings today in the Salt Lake

Choir, and Nellie Niebaur is both singer, performer and teacher, and she has taught her own children, besides many others, to express themselves musically and with charm. Mrs. Lottie Crozier is another of our local musicians, who has made a name for herself.

Among those who have studied abroad, Lillie Shipp is a very charming singer, and possesses a high and clear soprano voice with much beauty of tone and considerable coloratura. She spent many years in Germany, studying under the famous Madame Corelli, and is indeed an excellently trained singer.

Florence Jepperson of Provo, is perhaps the greatest contralto this Church has known. Miss Jepperson is much better known in Boston than she is in Utah; but she is an artist of rare gifts and wonderful personality. It is a pity Utah does not know her better.

Among all the Church singers, Emma Lucy Gates is supreme. Of international fame, her genius—which Emerson said is the capacity for hard work—places her among the greatest coloratura sopranos this world has produced. With a range of over three octaves, running up to F in alt, her silver notes are as true and as free as a carolling bird's. Miss Gates has the distinction of being the only Utah singer who has attained to grand opera, and Royal Grand Opera at that. She is as great an actress as singer, and made an unsurpassed record as the prima donna of the Berlin and Cassell Royal Opera houses. She was our first Utah singer who went to Germany for her training. And perhaps the one point about that training that should be noted here, is that she retained her faith and integrity from first to last, and that she set the example for all who followed after, of keeping the Word of Wisdom, attending to her meetings, and of preserving herself as a Latter-day Saint in whatever society she might be thrown.

We had many early women music teachers; of the Nauvoo teachers we have mentioned Mrs. Pitchforth. Some early Utah teachers were Dr. Romania B. Penrose, Charlotte Cobb, Sarah Ann Cook, and Sarah Godwin Brown.

Among the women instrumentalists, who have achieved place and distinction, not only at home but abroad, we would perhaps name first Sybella Clayton, pianist, and Romania Hyde, violinist. Romania Hyde is still very young, but she is a genius, has a marvelous technique for one so young, combined with a brilliant and magnetic personality, and she has a rarely beautiful tone on her instrument. Sybella Clayton studied in Germany also, and is a wonderful pianist. She has almost a masculine touch in its strength, united with a delicacy of expression which is unsurpassed. She is an ideal accompanist also, and is a genius in her own right. Mattie Reed Evans also went to Germany for study, and was at one time one of our leading pianists. Marriage and

the cares of a home rob us of many women professionals among us; but we would not have it otherwise.

Alice Calder Tuddenham was a musician, and did a great deal of work for the Y. L. M. I. A. before her family demanded her presence at home.

Another charming violinist is Phyllis Thatcher Spicher who was in Boston and New York, and who possesses a delicacy and fragile loveliness which expresses itself on her violin with touching appeal.

Since the Relief Society has undertaken to encourage the foundation of ward and stake Relief Society choirs, there has been a great awakening in musical matters in this Society.

We present in this number an excellent article from the pen of one of our gifted Stake Choir leaders, Mrs. Lucy May Green of Granite stake. We have also a piece of music she has composed which will be used in a later issue. Both article and music prove the intelligent quality of Sister Green's work.

The General Board would like still further to encourage this important and highly commendable activity. As one phase of the work, we would suggest that the choir leaders secure a little data and history of music in their own ward and society, to preserve in the annals of their Society.

We are presenting to you as the frontispiece of this number the picture of our General Chorister—Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward—one of our most brilliant musicians, who is herself a rarely beautiful singer, and the leader not only of our own General choir, but also of the Nineteenth Ward choir, where she lives. Mrs. Edward has the distinction, which is a sad and yet beautiful one, of singing at more funerals than any other musician in the Church. She has seldom, if ever, refused to sing over the biers of the departed. Her voice is a clear, sweet soprano of great range and perfect pitch. Mrs. Edward has had many pupils, and is still a successful and favorite teacher in this city. She has brought the music for our semi-annual conferences into prominence, and has provided a rich, musical feast for all these occasions. The splendid choir which she gathered recently, and which she trained so ably, presented her with gifts and flowers, and letters of appreciation at our last conference.

Associated with Mrs. Edward is Miss Edna Coray, a singularly gifted and modest musician who has a wonderful organ touch and considerable technique. She is the only woman in the Church who can and does play the large organ in the Tabernacle and in the Assembly Hall. She had her training in the east, and is well equipped for the work she does. She is sympathetic in her accompaniments, quick in her musical apprehension, and full of artistic qualities in all of her labors.

We are very happy that music has thus become a part of our Relief Society work.

Sister Eliza R. Snow loved music, and those who have followed in her footsteps—Sisters Zina D. H. Young, and Sister Bathsheba W. Smith have been equally interested in this sublime art, as applied to Relief Society work, while President Emmeline B. Wells sang in the Nauvoo Temple choir, and loved music passing well. She has written a number of hymns herself, some of which are included in our hymn book.

The study and practice of music enlarges the soul and refines the feelings. Music is the only art which is referred to in the Scriptures as a part of heaven itself. The Jews would not permit paintings or images to appear in any of their homes and houses of worship. Indeed the second commandment enjoins us from the making of images for religious purposes. We read of no other art practiced so universally in the heavenly courts as that of music. Music is the reward of the righteous, and the occupation of the angels.

The birth of the Savior was announced by a heavenly choir, and all the forms and rituals of the early and later Hebrews held music as the very center and speech of all rituals. Music is but the exalted expression of love, harmony and worship.

ATTENTION, OFFICERS!

MEMBERSHIP IN THE RELIEF SOCIETY.

Any woman of good character from the oldest to the youngest who desires to unite with the Society shall be welcomed therein. Applicant should be recommended by a member and be received by the majority vote of the members present.

Membership in the Relief Society is perpetual.

One roll shall be kept to contain the names of all the members and the roll shall be called at all regular meetings. No name shall be removed except by request of the individual; or by a two-thirds vote of the members present at a meeting, and for good and sufficient reasons. Opposite the name of the member removed or deceased, there should be written the word "Removed" or "Deceased" and the date.

Immediately after December 1 of each year the officers of the Relief Society should visit every member, giving special attention to non-attendants and urging such members to become active in the Relief Society work. Special effort should be made to enroll those who are eligible and who are not members of the Relief Society.

Where members are unable or unwilling to pay annual dues, after earnest personal solicitation on the part of the Society officers, the Society should make up the amount from its general funds, and notify the individual of this action.

The Place of Music in Ward and Stake Relief Society.

Lucy May Green, Chorister, Granite Stake.

"Oh how we love to sing the songs
Of Zion's blest abode!
They cause our hearts to burn with joy
And help us on the road.
There's comfort in their cheering words
That warms the strangest heart,
No other songs we hear today
Can such delight impart."

—R. B. Baird.

The beautiful thought suggested by this verse should enter the spirit of every Relief Society member, and we should all use our influence and the talents with which we are blessed, to raise the standard of singing and music in our Relief Society gatherings.

How can this be accomplished? First,—every Ward Society should have a chorister and an organist. These sisters should be chosen, not for musical ability alone, but musicians should be chosen who have bright, sunny natures, tact, punctuality and faithfulness. The chorister and organist should be prompt and diligent in attendance at meetings, and should understand how to read, play, and sing the songs of Zion. A good chorister is one who not only gives lip service, but whose heart is in the work and whose songs of the heart are acceptable until Him who has said,—“For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing on their heads.”

Second,—Relief Society choirs should be organized wherever it is possible—not to do all the singing, but to lead the singing in the Relief Society meetings. All should join in the song of praise to our Father. And those who are not blessed with a voice for singing, should follow the words and sing with their hearts that they too may merit the promised blessings.

The Relief Society choir should meet regularly for practice; and at times, it would be well for the president to allow the chorister a half hour in the general meeting to practice with the society, that new hymns and songs may be learned.

There are a number of ways to keep up interest in Ward Re-

lief Society choir work, and I would suggest a few: Use your Relief Society choir to furnish music at your ward Relief Society conferences, annuals and on Anniversary Day—17th day of March. If the bishop gives a Sunday meeting to your organization, call on your choir to sing. Visit the homes of the aged and bedridden Saints, sing to them and bring sunshine into their lonely lives. Visit hospitals or infirmaries and render a suitable program. "Spend a day together in the House of the Lord." At funerals, often the ward choir cannot attend in full, as the men are busy on the farm or in the store or office. Here is a good field for a well-balanced Relief Society choir. I recall several funerals where the Relief Society choir has rendered beautiful and appropriate music.

Have an occasional social with a program of national songs. We are a cosmopolitan people, and enjoy hearing and singing the "old country" tunes. At a recent choir social, we listened with equal pleasure to "Our mountain home so dear," "Annie Laurie," "Ye banks and braes," and a group of Swiss and German melodies. These are a few suggestions; but all have been tried out and found of use in the Granite stake.

Third,—Stake choirs—each stake should be proud to own a stake Relief Society choir, to furnish music for the monthly officers' meetings, conferences, and conventions. Its membership should consist of all local choristers and choir members, and others who care to belong. Its field of labor is somewhat broader, but it can work along the same lines as the ward Relief Society choir.

Fourth,—to have successful music in our Society, both stake and ward the songs chosen should be appropriate to the work of the day, and the theme of the meeting. Here is where the good judgment and tact of the chorister should be used, for a song can give the keynote of a meeting, or it can change the tone and almost spoil the spirit of the gathering. On one occasion, at a meeting held on the anniversary of the martyrdom of the Prophet and his brother, when the hearts of those present were full of sad memories and of love for the departed, instead of singing, "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah," or the familiar song of praise and prayer, "We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet," a thoughtless chorister announced, and the choir sang,—*"Don't kill the little birds!"*

There is a popular idea that exists in the minds of the brethren, that the favorite song of the sisters is "Come all ye sons of Zion." While we do not sing this as often as of yore, in many of our societies, the choice of songs is limited to a very few old, familiar tunes. One reason for this, is that very few have their own books, and so many think that their singing days are over. The Lord says, "Sing and rejoice ye daughters of Zion."

Let us wake up musically, and sing with spirit and understanding. "Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." What shall we sing? From the days of 1830, when Emma Smith was commanded by the Lord to make a selection of sacred hymns, "to be used in my Church," up to the present day, we have had many collections of hymns and sacred songs, and all of them are good. But after ten years' experience in Relief Society choir work, I find no book better for Relief Society meetings than the new Sunday School Song Book. In it there are songs suitable for all occasions, and a large number of them express the real spirit and genius of our work. Choristers can select their lists. I suggest that hymns written by our gifted women be used—hymns written by Eliza R. Snow, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, L. L. G. Richards, Emily H. Woodmansee, Susa Young Gates, Hannah Cornaby, and others. "Seek, and ye shall find" them. Rejoice in the Lord; again, I say unto you rejoice."

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

Spring.

- 72 The opening buds of springtime.
- 250 Easter morning (Duet).
- 14 Catch the sunshine.
Spring. April *Relief Society Magazine*, 1915.
- 37 Sowing.
- 195 Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
- 264 What shall the harvest be?

Summer.

- 75 Earth with her ten thousand flowers.
- 169 Days of summer glory (Duet).
- 228 O bright smiling morning.
- 123 There is beauty in the forest.

Autumn—"Wheat" meetings.

- 132 Waiting for the reapers.
- 168 To the giver of all blessings.
Song of the wheat. February *Relief Society Magazine*, 1915.
- 138 Today, while the sun shines.

Winter.

- 180 The Bright New Year.
- 116 The joy and the song.
- 143 Providence is over all.

- 111 Don't worry.
 156 Should the changes of Life.
 172 When the mists have rolled away.

Relief Society Hymns.

- 196 Scatter sunshine.
 197 Make the world brighter.
 207 Have I done any good, etc.
 222 Sunshine in your hearts.
 265 Let us oft speak kind words.
 239 Let's be kind to one another.
 60 Ere the sun goes down.
 53 Improve the shining moments.
 146 Let us treat each other kindly.
 88 Nay, speak no ill
 178 Put your shoulder to the wheel.
 35 Sweet is the work.
 135 Come follow me.
 208 Think gently of the erring one.
 268 Jesus, I my cross have taken.
 269 The Relief Society. October number *Relief Society Magazine*.

At Joseph Smith Meetings.

- 260 Father of life and light.
 41 Oh how lovely was the morning.
 24 Praise to the man.
 The Seer. (Psalmody), solo.
 177 Sing, sing the wondrous story.
 234 One hundred years.

For Patriotic Occasions.

- 215 America.
 22 Flag of the free.
 18 Utah, we love thee.
 202 Utah, the star of the West.
 200 Proud? yes of our home, etc.

GENEALOGICAL CLASSES FOR THE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE.

On Friday and Saturday, October 1 and 2, the Relief Society conference will be held in Salt Lake City. There will be four genealogical classes held, at 4:30 p. m. on Friday and Saturday, October 1 and 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, October 5 and 6, in the Bishop's Building, under the auspices of the General Board of the Relief Society. The attendance at these classes will be optional. All will be heartily welcome. No delegates will be called.

His Wife's Talents.

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll.

"O, by the way, Kate, I met Blanche Norris this morning and she wanted me to ask you if you would play in an entertainment. The Relief Society is going to give next week to raise funds for our stricken Saints in Europe." Congratulating himself on his memory, Frank Ashton folded his napkin and pushed back his chair.

"Me play in a public entertainment!" gasped his wife. "For goodness sake, Frank, what did you tell her?"

"Why, I told her I was sure you would be glad to do so and thanked her for giving you a chance. You don't get out enough, my dear. There is no need for women staying as closely at home as most of you do. You would make better wives if you didn't. I hope you won't miss an opportunity like playing in this entertainment."

Kate swallowed hard to keep back the tears that suddenly sprang to her eyes. Why couldn't men understand? She had a mingled feeling of self-pity and resentment, but she said as calmly as possible,

"Why, Frank, you ought to know that I could no more play the piano in a public entertainment than Kathryn could."

It was the husband's turn to look surprised now.

"Well, I should think you would hate to admit that all the time and money you spent on a musical education has been wasted," he remarked critically.

"You know very well, Frank, that I have scarcely touched the piano since we were married and it doesn't take six years to forget a good deal of music."

"Well, why haven't you been practicing up? You have a piano now." (He had surprised her with one on her birthday two weeks before.) "What do you suppose I sunk five hundred dollars in a piano for, anyway, if you are not going to do anything with it? You know I have felt guilty ever since we were married to think that you were giving up your music because I could not afford a piano for you. So the first five hundred I could clear above actual necessities went for that. That five hundred would have bought five shares in the new Irrigation Company and would have netted us a hundred dollars a year and maybe more. Not every man would miss a chance to go into a paying proposition like that just to give his wife something he thought she would enjoy. I thought you would at least appreciate my side of it."

"I do, Frank. It was lovely of you. But you don't know—I hardly have time to dust the piano, let alone to practice on it."

Again Mr. Ashton looked his surprise.

"Well, if I remember correctly when I first met you you were teaching fifty children, and still you found time to practice, then, and to play in every entertainment that came along. It is the strangest thing to me how easily you women give up your talents and ambitions. You never see us men settling down so completely that we forget all the interests we had when we were boys. What would the world come to if we did? But you women—here you have only four children to take care of now, instead of fifty, and yet you say you haven't time to practice. Why, Kate you were the best pianist in the country when I married you. Why do you want to bury your talent? It is not right. I don't understand."

This was no news to Kate. But how could she make him understand? When she married she had made up her mind to keep all the petty little worries of the home to herself. If the man earned the bread, she told herself, the woman should not trouble him with how it was to be mixed and baked and eaten. And so she had done her best to make her home attractive and cheerful, and had kept all her own difficulties and perplexities in the background. And now it seemed to Frank that the keeping of a five-roomed cottage and the care of four small children was a mere pastime.

The man saw that somehow he had hurt his wife, so he mollified his tone as he continued.

"I don't mean to be harsh, my dear, but I'm really in earnest. You have a wonderful talent in music and I don't want you to neglect it. You say you haven't time to practice. Let me give you a recipe to make time. Plan your work. Go at it systematically as we men do in our business. That's the secret of success every time. System. That's the whole thing in a nut shell. Try it, my dear, and I'm sure you'll find that you have time on your hands." Glancing at his watch, Mr. Ashton grabbed his hat, and hastily kissing his wife goodbye left the room.

He poked his head in at the door a moment later, however, and exclaimed irritably,

"What do you suppose those youngsters have been doing? They've driven my bicycle tires full of nails. It seems to me that they are always up to some such mischief and they ought to know better. They need a little systematic discipline. Now this means that I will be late to the office, and no doubt a new pair of tires as well. You must look after them a little closer, Kate, or I don't know what the little reprobates will come to."

Kate sighed as she went to the front porch where the culprits, the five-year-old twins, Farrel and Darrel, a little subdued by their father's reprimand, were trying to think of some new outlet to

their overabundance of energy. She took them to the back of the house and improvised a work-bench before she went in to clear up the table.

Naturally she fell to thinking of what Frank had said. She wondered if she could plan her work a little better and find time to practice. She would try. Now, this afternoon there was the dinner work to do up, the beds were not made, there were the basement shelves to clean and Kathryn's dress to finish. Perhaps if she hurried and could keep at it she could get through before supper time. She began to sing as she worked, with this thought in mind.

"Mama, please dress my dolly, and see, she is bleeding sawdust." It was three-year-old Kathryn holding up her wounded baby for mother's help.

Kate wiped off the sink and washed her hands, then took the doll and mended and dressed it. This done she hurried down to the basement shelves, hoping to get this task finished before the baby awoke. She had just started, however, when his cry called her, and with a little sigh she thought how futile after all are a mother's plans.

She took the baby up and gave him something to eat, then setting him in the high-chair went back to her work. Before she had finished she had stopped once to do up a twin's thumb, again to put the baby into his buggy and wheel him onto the lawn where the children could amuse him, and once more to rescue a doll's bonnet from the irrigating ditch where a teasing brother had thrown it. It was now almost four o'clock and the dress had not been touched.

Kate was not easily discouraged, however, and decided to leave the sewing and practice a little just to make a start and to convince Frank that she did have an interest in her music, even if she had uncomplainingly given it up to the service of him and their babies.

She hurriedly slipped on a fresh dress and went into the parlor, glancing out of the window to see that the children were all right, and sat down at the piano.

As her fingers wandered carelessly over the ivory keys she felt all her old passion for her art returning. If she only could have an hour or so with her music every day, how much it would add to life for her. She went on picking up old forgotten melodies one after another, and living over the carefree days that had gone with them. She forgot the children; she forgot the present and was again pretty Kate Wheeler pouring out her soul in exquisite sound.

A baby's frightened scream brought her back to the world of reality. She rushed outside just in time to see Darrel drag the baby from the ditch. The other three children resembled so many muddy, bedraggled rats

Just then Frank entered the gate.

"Why, what in the world does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means that I took your advice and tried to practice a few moments on the piano," Kate answered, snatching up the baby and hurrying into the house to hide the tears of vexation that choked her.

After the children had been bathed and fed and put to bed, and Frank and Kate sat at their own supper, he remarked thoughtfully,

"I've been thinking, Kate, about your music and I think I have a plan."

"Please don't mention it, then," she replied rather sharply. "I can see plainer than anyone else that it is impossible. Since I am the loser, why worry about it?"

"Now, Kate, you have the wrong attitude. You are not the only loser if you bury your talent, and I am going to see that you do not do it."

"Are you going to hire a nurse to take care of the children while I practice?" she demanded sarcastically.

Her husband flushed.

"You know I would if I could, but since I can't do that I'm going to offer myself."

It was Kate's turn to be surprised.

"Now, I'm sure you found time to practice today and all would have gone well if it had not been for the youngsters. Here's my plan. I am going to bring some of my work home every afternoon and relieve you for an hour or so. Abstracts and documents like that I can do just as well here as at the office. You see I take the active part of the office work in the forenoon anyhow, so can easily arrange this plan with McGregor. I'll take the whole responsibility so you can be perfectly free with your music. It will be a good thing for me and the youngsters as well. Why, I'll have to admit that I hardly know the little beggars. And the twins, I can see, really need a little of a father's discipline."

Kate had smiled at the first part of the proposition a little doubtfully, but suddenly she acquiesced with the thought that if she did not gain much from the arrangement musically, Frank's eyes might be opened to some things he had not seen before.

Accordingly, the next day found Frank leaving the office at three o'clock, hurrying toward home with a roll of legal blanks in one hand and a couple of law books in the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the Kitchen Laboratory.

By Hazel Love Dunford.

RELISHES AND PICKLES.

The season of pickling time has rolled around once more, and no matter how much dietists write about the indigestibility of pickles, housekeepers will still make and serve them. Most people concede they are not good for man, woman or beast. In my own home I make my relishes very mild; and I do not make a practice of serving them regularly.

In making pickles, never use metal vessels. A tiny piece of alum scalded in the vinegar, makes the pickle crisp. If vinegar has to be boiled, never boil it more than three or four minutes, as it loses in strength. Always buy the best cider vinegar to be had. Put pickles away in glass or stone jars. If, at any time, the pickles have the appearance of spoiling, pour off the vinegar and put fresh scalded vinegar on. Small cucumbers can be pickled early in the summer; put in brine for a time, then put into vinegar and they can be used later on in chow-chow and many other pickles.

Pickled peaches, pears, grapes, etc., make extremely good relishes. They are more easily digested than pickles made of cucumbers, cabbage, etc. Compared with purchased pickles, those that are made at home are much cheaper and safer.

Chili Sauce.

1 pk. tomatoes (skinned)	
6 onions	1 c. sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. salt	1 qt. vinegar
1 ts. celery seed	

Chop vegetables fine, add the other ingredients and boil until thick.

Mustard Pickles.

3 qts. cucumbers cut up	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. mustard
2 qts. cauliflower	1 cup flour
2 qts. small onions	2 tb. tumeric
2 c. sugar	

Use enough brine to cover, allowing four quarts of water to one pint salt. Pour over the mixture and soak over night. Drain in the morning. Put vinegar on stove and add vegetables, when boiling. Mix flour, sugar and tumeric with a little cold vinegar. into the pickles, and cook until smooth, and the vegetables are tender.

Tomato Meat Relish.

30 ripe tomatoes	12 sour apples
10 onions	6 green peppers
4 tb. salt	1 qt. vinegar

Scald and skin tomatoes. Pare and core apples. Peel the onions and remove stems and seeds from peppers. Chop all fine. Mix thoroughly; add vinegar, and cook slowly one and one-half hours, and then add 4 tb. mustard seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. cloves, $\frac{3}{4}$ tb. cinnamon and $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. pepper. Seal in air tight jars.

Pickled Onions.

Select small onions. Make enough strong brine to cover, and let stand 24 hours. Replace the old brine with new, and let stand again 24 hours, and change again on the third morning. On the fourth day, wash onions and put cold water on and bring to the boiling point. Drain and rinse in cold water in a jar, and distribute slices of red pepper among them. Pour boiling vinegar over to cover.

Spanish Pickles.

To one peck of green tomatoes, cut in thin slices, put one-half cup salt. Let stand over night, then add one and one-half pints green peppers cut fine and three pints of onions.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. ginger	1 tb. celery seed
1 t. cloves	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. mustard
1 t. allspice	1 c. sugar

Vinegar to cover, and boil hard five minutes.

SALAD DRESSING.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomatoes.	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper.
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar.
1 tablespoon sugar.	
1 tablespoon flour.	
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon mustard.	

Beat eggs and water and vinegar, add mixed dry ingredients; cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cut hard boiled eggs and cress fine. Do this separately, then combine with the dressing. A little whipped cream will improve the dressing.

Rub a freshly-cut lemon over ink immediately after it has been spilled on carpet. No matter what the color of the carpet this will take out the fresh stain without injury to it.

Remove the odor of food from a wooden chopping bowl by soaking the bowl in boiling water in which a little soda is dissolved. A tablespoonful of soda to a gallon of water is the proportion.

Notes from the Field.

By the General Secretary, Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.

Mrs. Grace Callis has recently been appointed president of the Relief Society of the Southern States. Mrs. Callis is the wife of President Charles A. Callis, of the Southern States Mission, and was appointed by Elder Rudger Clawson at the request of President Emmeline B. Wells, during his recent visit to the South. Mrs. Callis was set apart July 27, 1915. Elder Clawson reports that Relief Society organizations have been effected in Jacksonville, Atlanta, Memphis and Greenville, as well as in several of the country districts of the South.

As an example of the interest taken by the Relief Society in public work and civic improvement, we have only to refer to some of the work done during the last year. The Eagar ward of the St. Johns stake, during the year 1914, paid for one hundred dollars worth of work on the town roads, while the Manassa ward, of the San Luis stake, paid thirty-three dollars in prize money for flies.

It is not generally known that in the Maricopa stake there has been for some years a very interesting Indian ward Relief Society known as the Papago ward. The president of this ward is teaching sewing and quilting and darning, and is making an effort to teach the members to speak English. In this latter work she is assisted very materially by her counselor who is a graduate of the Indian school at Phoenix, and is a very bright and interesting young mother.

The report comes from one ward that because of the absence of the president and first counselor, Relief Society meetings were suspended for many weeks. It should be understood by all that Relief Society meetings should never be postponed. In case a president is absent it is the duty of the first counselor to go on with the work; in case of the absence of both it falls to the lot of the second counselor to see that meetings are held and to conduct the same, and so on down the line of officers. As a rule, a society should be reorganized when the president must be absent for any length of time.

The St. George stake reports that since taking up the work of Genealogy and Temple work, the attendance at meetings has greatly increased. A temple excursion from Emery stake has been reported.

The Relief Society of the St. Charles ward, Bear Lake stake, has during the year taken special entertainment and good cheer to the homes of thirty aged women and widows.

A Prince of Ur.

By Homespun.

The long, winding stone steps, leading from terrace to terrace in the eastern corner of the palace of Ur, resounded to the measured tread of Abram, as he climbed to his great chambers in the dizzy heights of that remote eyrie, that eventful evening of the fifth week day. His brow was still knitted with the sadness begotten of his unhappy encounter with his pretty but intensely selfish kinswoman that afternoon, and yet his face was very calm with the serenity of an inner light which shone upon his soul. At his feet trotted the little black child who had again broken away from her Cushite half-sisters and mother, to follow the prince in his ascent to his room of meditation.

With a sigh, he laid the little one down, and motioned to his servant to approach with fans that the slumber of his pet might be made the more tolerable in the heated close of the day, and in that exposed tower.

Abram's thoughts centered about Sarai as her gracious and lovely image rose before him. Where in all the wide world was there such glowing, radiating beauty as his fair kinswoman had possessed, even as a tiny child. She was very good, and very fair, and majestically beautiful. Yet in all their intercourse as children and youths, had he never been encouraged to presume upon his kinship. He might admire her dark curls, as they fell like misty showers about her white-robed form, or long for a glance of her exquisite brown eyes as she dropped her veined lids over their melting charm; but the Princess folded within her soul her secret thoughts and allowed no man or child to idly lure them from that hiding place. The gemmed girdle of her waist was shamed in its beauty by the delicate pearl-like teeth which parted her lips of coral. Her white sandaled feet were clasped with anklets of pure, beaten gold. Who in all the earth might hope to mate with the Princess Sarai?

The noise of some visitors climbing to the tower of Abram sent his new friend Eliezer to the edge of the upper terrace to discover its source. The Damascan smiled to find that the black baby had awakened, and was now close to his own heels as he stood intently listening to the upsounding babel of voices.

"Little one," he said in Accadian tongue—for the child understood but little of the pure Semitic language of his new-found master and friend, Prince Abram—"thou art born under the star of evil in Tammuz; but thou hast chosen thy place in in-

fancy amongst the great. The God of Abram will surely shield thee from all harm, if that may be."

The child spread out his arms and the Damascan tossed the black body lightly to his own brown-girt shoulder.

"Prince Abram! Brother of my soul! Reader of the stars! Ruler of heaven and earth! Projector of great missiles which bring pestilence or send fire from heaven! Abram, Prince of Ur, where art thou?" The shrill voice was far below, in the lower terraces.

The Damascan smiled again and again, as he heard the loud insistent voice, followed by more or less din of others following after. He knew the owner of that nasal call, and he still smiled.

With a tightening grip around the form of his little charge, Eliezer stepped silently and gravely around the edge of the tower, which hid him from the long and tortuous flight of steps, leading to this ziggurat.

"Ho, there, Abram, friend of the husbandman, patron of the seed-sower, teacher of the mysteries of Egyptian's Ennead—reader of the stars and worshiper of the great Unknown, where art thou?"

Down from the upper sanctuary came Abram, his calm face now wreathed in a sunny gleam that might have been humor, if one so sage and sorrow-laden could be found to smile. He stood, a beautiful figure of supreme young manhood, his white-robed form draped only in the pure white linen of his tunic, while upon the flowing dark brown of his glossy hair there rested only the small skull-cap which was but a covering for the crown of his blossoming head. His noble features were regular, his nose had that full and long contour that bent as the line swept down his face to give the full benignity which his glowing brown eyes with the covert kindliness in their depths warranted. The mouth was large and firm, as befitted such a prince, and on the firm, clear-cut chin, there sat the seal of self-command. He justified the incoherent epithets of praise which were preceding the voluble visitor up the long and tiresome stairs.

"Thou ziggurat among men—thou sun-tressed god, thou beaming eye-lighted tower—thou faithful friend and deathless lover—where art thou?"

At that moment, the bowed and crooked form of the old Tarshish traveler emerged into view under the cooling rays of twilight, followed by a concourse of men and women, slaves and servants of the palace, who were always wonderfully attracted by Javanu the Tarshish ambassador, trader in slaves and stuffs, and general distributor of news from Babylon to Ur. The old man tossed his dark tunic to his own slave who followed closely behind with a short javelin in his hand with which he prodded any of the too-curious who might press upon his master.

"Welcome," said Abram heartily, "thou friend of my youth—thou minister of my body's wants, when chance has brought me under thy roaming tent-roof, in desert ruin or by the cities' marts. Thou art always welcome, Javanu. Come hither, then!"

So saying, Abram stretched out his hand and drew the old man into his embrace, and then on within his vaulted roof-chamber, the library. There, Javanu was bidden to lie and rest for a few moments while his slave fanned his face or brought water to cleanse and rest his now unsandaled feet. The crowd remained without, but Eliezer was bidden within.

"Nay," said Abram, as Eliezer sought to wash the traveler's feet, "mine shall be the task to thus minister to the friend who hath never scrupled to minister so to me whenever time or distance hath brought about our meeting."

The crowd without heard Javanu's loud protestations.

"Japhet has not forgotten how to wag his tongue," said one young lusty torch-bearer in the fringe of the crowd, "even to this last and fourth generation."

"And he'll be ready with great tales of war and cannibalism in the districts now infested by the Lydians," said an old woman whose gleaming white teeth and crinkly hair betrayed her own close relations with the Chushites and Lydians.

"Tut," cried a white-haired woman beside her, "thou art ever too greedy for tales of murders and flowing blood. For my part, I know no reason why we should seek or hunt out sorrow; we have quite enough in Terah's palace on the hill."

"Who speaks of murder, thou crone? I know not whether life is better kept or given up. When Elkanah cries out for atoning blood, there's no lack of offers to give that blood."

"More shame to the apostate gods of the Ziggurat, say I," stoutly maintained the white-haired crone. "I have lived to see our Father Terah's posterity themselves corrupted by the idolatrous practices of these Assyrian gods."

The voice of the old woman had a low and musical thrill, her eyes were very bright under her shaggy brows, and as she swayed to and fro upon her squatting body, her tones awakened in her hearers' hearts vast stores of long-forgotten memories. She had the power of the seer of visions. The women and children in the outer circle crowded closer as she spoke, and with their simple credulity, they waited eagerly for her to break out in one of the long-forgotten chants of the olden time. She had once been a free woman, and worshiped with her kinsman Terah. For this, she was treated with a grave respect amongst them all. She was not a slave; her father had sold her into bondage while she was still quite young.

"It made my blood run thick this night when the Princess Ischah persuaded the little Irit and the three black daughters of

Azzijaami, Argob, Shammash and Edra, to go to the Pavilion of the Sacred Pavement; it will lead them to the sacrificial altar of Ishtar."

"Why would the wenches not sit willingly then on the sacred pavement of Mylitta? They preened themselves on the teachings of our Princess Sarai, and felt that their chastity was of such value to them that death would be preferable," said the scornful voice of a lusty young black.

"Then, they and we must e'en be satisfied," remarked a huge brown fellow, with the placid fatalism of the Assyrian, "if they pay the penalty with their lives."

"I doubt me that the sacrifice will come to pass, if Prince Abram learns of Ischah's betrayal."

"Who, then, is Abram?" quoth the black slave impudently.

Just then, the distant blowing of a trumpet sounded the rising of the moon in the east and this sacred summons called them all to flee below, that each might be prostrated before his idol when the moment for the midnight sacrifice of Elkanah was offered. The public temple itself was far across the city from where the palace of Terah stood, while Abram's temple courts could not thus be polluted.

Within the vaulted chamber, Abram sat at converse with his friends.

"My prince," cried the old man in jovial tones, "thou must let me tell all my best news first, for thou knowest my face was not cut from a burial cloth, and I have little joy in tales of war and grim death, except to tease the frightened maids or ruffle up the doughty back of some callous youth. I ne'er would let my tongue repeat the stories of the crime-invested lands where oft my business carries me, were it not thus necessary."

"Say on, good friend; my lips may not chase smiles from east to west across my face as thine are wont to do, but I still have joy in all the lighter phases of this mystery we call life. Say on—"

"Then, say I, friend and Prince, that if thou hast not taken to wife the Princess Sarai by now, that thou art more than foolish. For there are such and such bright offers even now under my tunic from royal princes of Egypt and of Gerar, that thine own offer will look like smoke beside the flame or agate when the lapis-lazuli sends the agate's dim and dusty gleaming into shadows. See, see!" He brought forth five royal tablets in their clay envelopes, each envelope sealed with the royal sign and nail print.

Abram's face clouded with a slow and mounting blush.

"Tush," he said, in such low and stern accents that were it not that Japheth's son was made of steel inside his merry outer rim, Javanu would have shrunk from going on with his tale.

"Tush and tush again, my doughty friend. Thy courage is

never wanting when a foeman looks thee in the eye; thy hand cannot find thy javelin half quick enough if the terrible lion roars or shows his slinking form. Why shouldst thou wait and fear and shake, as if a south west wind had stricken all thy joints? Did not the goddess Ishtar touch thy youthful veins with moulten silver when this very day thou must have seen thy father's workmen fashion her from wood or cunning bronze? How now, my handsome friend and prince. Thine own renown hath gone from out thy palace walls to far-off Ethiopia; thy skill with letters, and the learning of thy brilliant head, thy manly grace and charm, thy riches and thy great estate hath all combined to make thee such a prize as is discussed behind a thousand closed lattices in wide Damascus palaces, in Egyptia's halls and in Nineveh itself, the daughters of the mighty Nimrod have petitioned me again and yet again to repeat the many points of interest of the mystic nameless prince as spouse and master. None but I knew that thou were both Abram and the nameless prince; but even so all love thee."

"I thank thee not for this, thou cunning friend, for thou hast never had my first consent to hawk my name about in ladies' harems or to name my name as Abram or the nameless prince, in any court where trade or intrigue might lead thy wandering feet. I am ashamed of thee!"

Whereat, the vaulted roof of that solemn sanctuary echoed again and again to the peals of laughter which rang from out the wide throat of that traveled and shrewd ambassador.

"Thou wouldst make the gods laugh on their stony pedestals. I never saw thee matched for modesty. What sense of anger canst thou cultivate for a friend who yet hath waited for the first time to name thee in any conversation which was between me and others. I know thy shrinking sense of dread for worldly fame and worldly preferment; dost think that I would scandalize thy friendship by praising thee in delicate numbers for the pleasure of a dozen silly princesses? Be truer to my nature. I can laugh to see thee such a simple man when thou hast every reason to be different. But thou must not accuse me falsely."

The face of the young man beside him gradually calmed, as Abram felt that his quick words had almost wounded his best friend.

"'Tis thus, my prince," the old man said, rising on his elbows on the divan the better to see his friend's face in the heavy gloom.

"Abram," at length spoke the older man, "thy beauteous, young cousin hath been sought in marriage by six of the highest reigning kings and potentates of the earth. Her beauty and her charm are known as far as are your own kingliness. And what is more, if thou hast not the courage of thy love, when thy father Terah returns, he will quickly settle all this matter."

"Terah? My father? Hast thou knowledge of him?" The tones of Abram's voice were vibrant with suppressed emotion.

"Aye, that I have. He accompanies to this city our great founder and Emperor Nimrod, who hath just humbled in the dust the last of the old Assyrian rebels. Nimrod will himself dedicate the new Ziggarrut tomorrow night, or next. Nimrod hath now wholly given himself up to riotous idolatry, and to Elkanah. With Nimrod's powerful hold upon this land, not a single king dare stand up in defiance before him. Old as he is, he hath slain his tens of thousands of lions, and hath thundered and crashed down the sands of Babylon and Syria with a conqueror's heel. Thousands of victims, slaves and princes, crowded his train with victims for the altars of Babylon. Thy father hath drunk of the wine of Nimrod's fornications, and he is just now not in any mood to brook any opposition from thee. Be very ware. One false step, one word of unwisdom will precipitate such rebellion and sedition in these palace walls as will make your courtyards run with blood. I wish that thou wouldst leave this wicked city, this fetid plain. There is a land, far to the west, that thou couldst inhabit."

"Javanu, thou hast come in time. I thank thee for this warning. I have often thought with longing upon my mighty kinsman Melchizedek, who dwells in Salem. I would that I might return to him, and receive his promised blessings. As for thee, thou mayst hide it from others, but thy smiling presence is an evidence that thou hast spared neither oar nor camel in thy flight to thus bespeak me in my hour of trial. I understand; thou knowest how I worship, how my father Terah has always worshiped till his senile years, when he has allowed himself to be drawn into such unholy alliances. Nimrod may be the mightiest king in all the earth." The light from the sanctuary gathered softly round the kingly form of Abram, as the darkness without helped to focus its bright rays upon the upright figure of the youthful prince. "But, Javanu, there is a King, whom I have worshiped, who dwells in the heavens, who hath all the mighty attributes and powers which my father's idols of wood and stone are made to typify. I know that God lives, and though my bones were burnt in the furnace of Merodach, or crushed under the iron altar of the god Elkanah, I could not deny Him in whom I have life and breath."

The intensity of the ringing voice, the magnetism of his tones, the glistening eyes and the uplifted arm swept through the brain and heart of the Damascan, with an electrical shock. Javanu himself was profoundly moved.

"Master," said Eliezer, softly, "sit down here beside us; tell us of this God, about whom you have spoken. I would know more. Speak of Him. My heart burns to know Him better. A

God who could fashion and bless an Abram is one that should be worshiped."

The three men paused in their midnight communions. From below, somewhere in the vast precincts of the palace, there arose the faint wail of the dead. It rose and fell upon the midnight air with keen, yet faint, persistence. The death chant was thrilling in this solemn gloom, and all three men felt the tremor of uncanny suggestions as they listened to the long drawn out cries. They rose higher and higher, the weird minor tones carrying on the sound-waves a very burden of woe and despair.

"Who is dead in the palace? Does not the wailing come from the slave-quarters," asked Abram of himself, and yet he spoke aloud.

"Under your father's vast roof-tree, where ten hundred souls sleep nightly, and the hundreds more go and come upon the errand of duty or love, it must happen very often that death and sorrow pierce the gathered throngs in some spot."

"True, but even so, my soul is harrowed always with the sorrows of my family and my tribe. They are even as my own. I cannot pass over their merest mischance lightly. How sharp is the pang when some mother lays down her little child, or a son closes the eyes of his beloved father."

"Good prince, I would not lessen thy humanity. It is uncommon enough in these latter days of sin and crime. Life is very cheap, my friend, in all Assyria and Babylonia. Time was when we were nurtured by the fathers of our race with all tender loving care. But in these last degenerate days, we are very careless of the slave-worm which crawls beneath our tent, or curls within our palace walls. The blood of prince or husbandman is precious; but the spawn of slave markets is too cheap for counting, eh?"

The effort to lighten his friend's sadness was not successful. With a heavy sigh, Abram prepared to descend into the great courtyards and to discover for himself the causes of the midnight woe.

Out in the distant horizon, there swept the silent battalions of the incoming host of Nimrod's army. They were so swift and shadowy in their cool and flying march across the plains of the Euphrates, that even the lions and wild beasts of the sands and groves scarce lifted up their shaggy manes to growl as they passed.

"What ho! for Ur of Chaldee!" cried the swift forerunners of the king's own division. "What ho! for Ur!" echoed back the swift galloping soldiers behind them. "What ho for Ur!" cried the giant Nimrod in his chariot, borne along by powerful sweep of a dozen white horses, their brass panoply glittering gayly in the rising moonbeams, and the golden accoutrements of the huge

chariot, rattling grimly as the carriage was flung by the swift flight onward.

"What ho for Ur!" echoed the Prince Terah, who followed swift in the wake of his royal master and kinsman. "What ho for Ur! The palace of the Prince of Ur shall open wide its gates for my royal guests and kinsman. What ho for Ur! Speed the runners. Quicken the chariot wheels in their revolutions. Fling the stinging lash wide over beast and man. What ho for Ur!"

Within the palace enclosure, no sound of the flying squadrons would penetrate Ur for hours. The hosts were traveling by night to reach the city for the yearly feast to Elkanah. Nimrod determined, as he rode along, that the human sacrifice to be offered up should be sufficiently large and imposing to gratify the deepest blood-lust amongst his restless, fiery-tempered soldiers, and especially should the local priesthood feel the weight of his offering as a powerful concession from the monarch who had removed the central sanctuary from old Ur to the sumptuous newer city of Nineveh.

In the far distant quarters of the slaves of the palace of Ur there shuddered and wailed the voice of lamentation for the dead. The emperor's hosts might ride swiftly in the cool midnight rush for distant Ur of the Chaldees, but death will claim her own, and the mourners' cry rose loud and shrill as the sable wings of the angel of Death beat upon the midnight air.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Relief Society will hold its semi-annual conference on Friday and Saturday, October 1 and 2, 1915. Two general sessions will be held on Friday, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., in the Assembly Hall. On Saturday, two business meetings for officers, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., will be held in the Bishop's Building, when reports from the standing committee of the General Board will be heard, and specific instructions on Relief Society work will be given. It is expected that every stake in the Church will be represented at this conference.

Noon luncheon will be served as usual in the auditorium of the Building for our visiting delegates, on Friday and Saturday.

The Social Hall Cafeteria will serve dinner and supper all through the Conference and Fair week.

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

During the past five months, the British navy has captured or destroyed 40 German submarines; which goes to show that submarine warfare is no longer a one-sided game.

The recent Haitien revolution was a bloody affair which the United States has stepped in to settle, by at least preventing active hostilities in the effort of the people there to govern themselves partly after their own liking.

A raid of 62 aeroplanes from France into Germany dropping bombs and doing great damage, suggests that a fleet of 10,000 aeroplanes, such as is proposed, would be a terrific menace to any thickly populated region which might be assailed.

Half-a-hundred Sevier Valley farmers made a trip through northern Utah in their own automobiles in August—a great change from the tramping and toiling of half-a-century since, when a few settlers in the Sevier Valley were fighting Indians for the privilege of staying there.

The temperance movement that is sweeping over the world is now including a strong protest against the cigarette habit and over-indulgence in coffee and tea. The argument in favor of right-living seems to be growing more efficacious with the extending field of its publicity.

Under the management of Maud May Babcock, the Utah Theater in Salt Lake City will eliminate its Sunday performances, being content with working six days a week. The change is highly commendable for its moral effect, as well as for giving to its company of artists the needed one-day-in-seven rest.

On August 20, a meeting was held in Salt Lake City, at which a resolution was passed favoring an equal suffrage amendment to the national Constitution. If women in other States were as well informed on governmental affairs generally as they are in Utah and the equal suffrage States, there would be no need for such amendment, since all the backward States would already have the franchise.

Dr. Stephen Langdon, assyriologist, etc., of Oxford Univer-

sity, England, claims to have discovered tablets older than the Deluge, in which he says the Sumerian theology asserts that Noah, and not Adam, was the cause of the fall of man, 1,000 years before the period given in Genesis. It is notable that many learned men have sought to discredit the account given by Moses, and equally definite that all of them have failed. Dr. Langdon also says that his discovery reveals a claim that ten earthly kings reigned an average of 43,200 years each. If he had said 43,200 days—60 years—he would have been more reasonable in his treatment of the claims he is discussing, for then he might find believers in his interpretations.

On the first anniversary of the outbreak of the present European war, the pope of Rome made an appeal for peace, with apparently little effect. But the real aim and influence of this appeal must not be judged without future developments, which may give the proposition notable vitality. Pope Benedict is an astute politician, and fully realizes the enhanced prestige that would come to the Vatican if he should be able to occupy a commanding place in the peace negotiations; hence the purpose of his appeal is likely to be sought in much further activity.

In the early part of August, Erie, Pa., was the scene of a great disaster by a storm which transformed a small stream flowing through the city into a raging torrent, causing the loss of over 30 lives and about six million dollars in property. Then came the great Gulf storm in the middle of August, over Galveston and eastern Texas up through central and eastern Missouri, doing tenfold more damage to life and property than was registered at Erie. Besides these, there were thousands of lives lost in the great storm in China. Truly, 1915 is making a record for storm as well as for war.

Whatever may be the outcome in other fields, the elimination of Turkey as a great world-power seems to be definitely on the program; and whatever may be the geographical distribution of the present Osmanli domain, it seems equally certain that the section between the lower Euphrates and the Mediterranean, including Palestine, will fall to the share of Great Britain. That truly will be a long step toward the "times of the Gentiles" being fulfilled and that a purely Gentile race, the Turcomans, will be stopped from its centuries of "treading down" Jerusalem, by the inauguration of a building-up process which attends the controlling influence of that race from which so much of the "blood of Israel," particularly of Ephraim, is being gathered to the "tops of the mountains" in the western land of Zion.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1915.

No. 10.

THE SPOKEN WORD.

Unspoken Prayer

So much of stress has been laid on the statement that "prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed," that we have come to accept that definition without qualification. While there is a subtle truth in this poetic expression, it is also true that words clothe the thought as the body covers the spirit. The universe might be filled with potential desires, wishes, hopes and aims, yet, unless the word focuses and makes of the thought a created force, there will be no resultant action, no impact of will upon matter.

We are told in the seventh Lecture on Faith in the Doctrine and Covenants, that "when a man by Word. works by faith, he works by mental exertion instead of physical force. It is by words, instead of exerting his physical powers that every being works when he works by force. God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light. Joshua spake, and the great lights which God had created, stood still. Elijah commanded, and the heavens were stayed. Faith then works by words; and by these its mightiest works have been, and will be performed.'" What

clearer or more definite description of the manner in which the power of faith can be invoked and exercised, could be imagined than this pellucid statement.

The Power of the Spoken Word A word is a powerful thing. It is the tabernacle of the thought; and when once called into being can be killed or destroyed only as the body is destroyed by natural process of change and absorption. Solomon's beautiful allusion to "words fitly spoken" is familiar to all. Isaiah tells us "the Lord has sworn by myself, the word has gone out of my mouth—and shall not return." The Lord sternly reminds us that "for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." Not for our thoughts, for they may be strangled, but for the embodied thought, the tabernacled thought. St. John calls the Savior The Word, and says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God—and the Word was made flesh."

Words are a Living Force Our words are a savor of life unto life, or a savor of death unto death. When your heart is crushed with loneliness, or your soul torn with loss, how comforting is a loving word, a tender caress. When words of unjust criticism flow out of our lips, how quickly they react in the distress of our body or the destruction of our peace. We may not know always why we suffer, nor why our desires are not given us. Perhaps it is sometimes because our desires are voiceless, wordless. The spoken word of prayer, the spoken word of gentleness to an enemy, the spoken word of comfort to the downcast—all these help to flood our souls with light and peace. The spoken word is the switch which turns on the light, the "current" which feeds the engine, the match which lights the candle, the source of ignition and explosion. The power, the force is all there—it must be "touched off," so to speak; it must be ignited by the Word, the spoken, living, palpitating Word. Speak, then, the word of encouragement to your repentance, of hope to your sorrow, of rebuke to your temptation, and of petition to the Almighty. Make thy words, not thine enemies, and thine avengers, but thy servants and thy friends. By thy words shalt thou be judged.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

NOVEMBER 2, 1915.

Work and Business.

LESSON II.

NOVEMBER 9.

Theology and Testimony.

KEEPING THE SABBATH DAY HOLY.

The Lord has left no doubt in the testimony and teachings of former and latter-day prophets concerning the method and manner of observing the Sabbath day. Moses tells us in the first book of the Pentateuch that when the Lord had spent six days in framing and shaping the world, he rested from His labors on the seventh day, and hallowed it. The same writer tells us in the second book that of the ten vital laws which were written on the tables of stone, the fourth long and particular law concerned itself with the keeping of the Sabbath day. From the days of Adam, the covenant people were distinguished by their reverence for the Sabbath day. The sons of Japhet and Ham, regardless as they were of many other principles of the Gospel, kept this law intact, down the ages from Nimrod to Nebuchadnezzar.

Nearly all of the ancient prophets deal more or less directly with the necessity of keeping, and the heinousness of breaking, this law. Isaiah devotes nearly a chapter to this, and uses these deeply significant words to sum up the whole matter:

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words.

"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

The Lord did not leave our latter-day prophet in ignorance on the matter. We are told in the Doctrine and Covenants:

"But remember that on this the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord.

"And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full.

"Verily, this is fasting and prayer; or in other words, rejoicing and prayer."

As to technical points in the carrying out of these instructions, such as pleasure-riding, theater-going, concert-giving, feasting with friends, and social diversions of all kinds with attendant labors, no sane and reasonable woman can fail to rightly interpret these sayings of the prophets. Adults must square their law-breaking with their own conscience but the mothers and grandmothers who belong to this Society should see to it that their own examples do not become a stumbling block to the youth of Israel. Many trifling acts may not be particularly wrong in themselves, but if the doing of certain things are inexpedient because of the example and inference given to weaker minds, Saints will refrain from even the appearance of evil.

QUESTIONS.

What is the Sabbath day?

When and why was it instituted?

What things do you consider right to do on that day?

What might be done on week days that would be unlawful on the Sabbath?

When do the Jews observe the Sabbath?

Why do we observe the first day of the week as the Sabbath?

Read the 1, 2, 3 verses of the second chapter of Genesis.

Read the Fourth Commandment.

Read the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah.

Read the fifty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

Genealogy.

LESSON III.

NOVEMBER 16.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

Sources of Genealogical Information:

1. Personal information on hand.
2. Bibles; information on loose papers, temple forms, etc.
3. Information from living relatives and friends.
4. Writing to relatives, parish clerks, ministers, etc. (Forms for reply may be had at the Genealogical Society's office.)
5. Tradition and its uses; tombstone inscriptions.
6. Library research. Home and foreign.

The student should get out all loose papers, old letters, old Temple books, and from these copy in a pencil note-book first,

FAMILY RECORD

HUSBAND

WIFE

Name	Name
Date of Birth	Date of Birth
Place of Birth	Place of Birth
Date of Marriage	Date of Death
Place of Marriage	Place of Death
Date of Death	Father's Name
Place of Death	Mother's Maiden Name
Father's Name	
Mother's Maiden Name	
Page of Parents' Genealogy*	Page of Parents' Genealogy*
Page of other Marriages*	Page of other Marriages*

CHILDREN	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN		WHEN DIED			MARRIED				
	Day	Month	Year	Town	County	State or Country	Day	Month	Year	To Whom	Day	Month	Year
Record Continued on page*													

*These page numbers are to be filled in, if necessary, when the complete record is being compiled. The reverse of this sheet may be used for additional data or history.

These forms can be purchased for 10 cts. a dozen.

every possible name with dates, real or approximated; properly number each name, state the relationship to the heir; and after this has been done in the note-book, copy it carefully—where it is pedigreed information of the dead—into a Family Record for Temple use.

This done, the student will wish to know where next to turn for further information.

Correspondence with living relatives and friends, with parish priests, pastors, and clerks in the town from which the student emigrated, from or whence his parents and progenitors came—these sources of information must next be tried.

Letter writing, on this subject, is of a peculiar importance. The writer must exercise tact and wisdom. He or she must write courteously and fully, must state exactly what is wanted, and give enough information to elicit the data which is desired from the person who receives the letter.

We suggest that such writers always enclose stamps for reply as well as the forms prepared by the Genealogical Society of Utah, a copy of which we give here. Your own data which you send for purpose of identification may be also written on this form.

Write dozens, nay hundreds of times, if necessary. Write again and again and again, until your friends will answer you. Never give up until you have exhausted your stamps and patience.

QUESTIONS.

What are the sources of information?

What should first be done by the genealogical student?

To whom should letters be written?

Let each student write a sample letter asking a relative or a parish clerk for genealogical information.

NOTE.—Such students as are familiar with the lessons, so far given, should now center their efforts on instructing and helping others.

Home Ethics and Art.

LESSON IV.

NOVEMBER 23.

ETHICS.

SYMPATHY.

The tender, unselfish understanding which is called sympathy is one of the most Christ-like traits of the human heart. Jesus was eminently sympathetic and compassionate.

Parents that are wisely sympathetic, gain and keep the respect and companionship of children forever. Children are not always sympathetic because few children are naturally unselfish. It is a virtue that must be cultivated and properly controlled. Boys and

girls should be trained to be sympathetic, and especially to father and mother and to the aged members of the household.

Sympathy begets confidence and inspires loves. It is woman's chief charm. The girl who is sympathetic is always well supplied with friends and lovers, for companionship is second nature to her.

A sympathetic officer in the Relief Society, who has lacked education, attracts more members, inspires more courage, cheers more downcast souls, and does more good than the best trained woman could possibly do if she were cold, selfish and harshly unsympathetic in her spirit. Sympathy is the key that unlocks the door of the human heart.

Children should be taught sympathy for animals. They usually love their pets but are not always considerate of them. A child should not be permitted to maul and abuse cats, dogs or any other animals.

We should cultivate a large sympathy with the suffering of our neighbors, and with the world outside our own doors. The woman who loves music, beauty and harmony is usually a tenderly sympathetic soul.

There is also a danger that sympathy be bestowed unwisely. When children need to be disciplined mothers must control their sympathetic natures—as God does when we need and receive His chastening.

Children should never be laughed at; some supremely sensitive children are crushed and their future lives blighted by ridicule and a lack of sympathy from their parents and brothers and sisters. The tenderest note in all sympathetic natures is usually struck by deformity and disease, but little children should be taught this delicate compassion because they are inclined to ridicule what they do not understand.

Women and men of highly sensitive natures sometimes make fools of themselves by offering maudlin sympathy to wicked men, to condemned murderers and other guilty souls. One is distressed to know anybody must suffer, but we should not make of our sympathy a vice instead of a virtue. Extreme sympathy predisposes to nervous troubles, especially when the person is always sorry for himself. Sympathize with others? yes, when sympathy is wise and true, but rarely offer yourself the weakening consolation of self-pity.

Sympathy is to love what the fragrance is to the flower—its essence and spirit. "Put yourself in his place." Understand others' burdens through the rare alchemy of pure sympathy. Cultivate sympathy and your friends will cultivate you.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is sympathy?
2. When should parents sympathize with children?
3. How should children treat their parents and the aged?

4. How can they be taught to do this?
5. What makes the plainest girl attractive?
6. What would you say about false sympathy, or sentimentality?
7. How can you cultivate sympathy?

ART.

LORUS PRATT.

- (a) Describe Pratt's landscape painting of the Shepherd and his Flock.
- (b) Tell of the life of Lorus Pratt.
- (c) What troubles did his mother foresee in the artist's career?
- (d) Who were his parents and what work did they do?
- (e) Should such men as Lorus Pratt be encouraged? Why?
- (f) Do you love the landscape?
- (g) What would you like best to paint? What does Pratt prefer as to subject?
- (h) Have you seen any of his paintings?
- (i) His best work is in the Salt Lake Temple. Have you seen that beautiful work?
- (j) Who encouraged him to go abroad?

EDWIN EVANS.

Evans, teacher of the Fine Arts in the University of Utah, is now refreshing himself at the Fountain Head of Art in America, New York City.

- (a) How and by whom was the artist discovered in Evans?
- (b) Of what special benefit is Evans' critical disposition?
- (c) In what theme is this artist most at home?
- (d) Have you visited the Art gallery designed by Evans at the University? If so, describe it.
- (e) What qualities difficult to secure can Evans get in his color effects?

H. L. A. CULMER.

Have you seen any of the pictures by the late H. L. A. Culmer? Describe one of them.

- (a) What subjects did he mostly paint?
- (b) Have you visited the Holmes' Art Gallery in which much of Culmer's work is exhibited?
- (c) What public work did Mr. Culmer do?
- (d) Who have been his loyal patrons among the wealthy?
- Answer. Colonel and Mrs. Emery Holmes.
- (e) Who is his wife?
- (f) Is there an artist in your town? In your family? What can you do to encourage them?
- (g) Why do we need artists?

The Relief Society.

Words and Music by
JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Moderato. mf

p

1. At midnight hour there came a call From a wid - ow's
2. With lov - ing hearts and willing hands, They an - swer

Piano or Organ. mf

p

mf

hum - ble home, "My darling boy, my on - ly joy, Is
to the call; With heaven's aid the boy is saved, By

mf

f *mf*

dy - ing: I'm a - lone." The call was like a bu - gle
Him who helps us all. The mother raised her voice in

f *mf*

p *mf*

sound, To Re-lief moth-ers' band, Who min-is-praise To God who reigns on high, And thanked the

p *mf*

p

ter by night and day To poor of ev-'ry land.
moth-er an-gel band Who heard the wid-ow's cry.

p

CHORUS.

Faster. f

All hail to thee O noble band, Re-lief so-ci-e-ty, Whose

Faster. f

p *ritard.*

earnest zeal and kind-ly deeds, Live in e - ter - ni - ty.

p *ritard.*

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THE CHILDREN'S BED.

By Eleanor Schow.

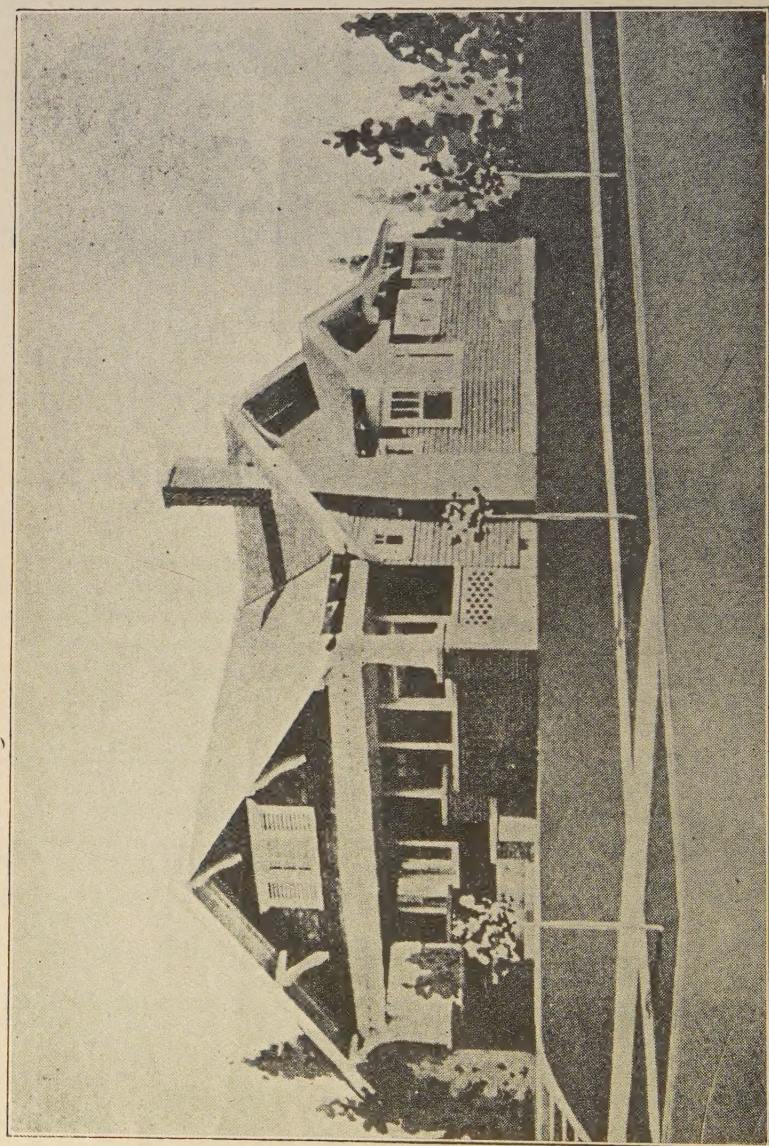
Dear little bed, oh, holy little bed!
Around thee surely guardian angels tread.
To thee our darlings come at close of day,
Tired and flushed from romp and childish play.
In reverence sincere, each golden head
Is bowed in prayer beside thee, little bed.

Oh little bed, thou treasured little bed!
Thy pillows soft, with dainty muslin spread,
Bespeak not wealth, but show a mother's care,
All clean and pure and sweet and fair—
Where rosy childhood rests from trouble free—
This sacred trust my Lord has given me.

Loved little bed! Once when my heart was tried,
When fever scorched the child I knelt beside—
I was so young to give a mother's care;
I cried to One above to hear my prayer,
To give me health and strength to nurse my son;
To help me say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

I stood again beside thee, little bed,
Feeling, that were my child alive or dead
He still would progress, still my son would be,
Throughout all time and all eternity.
And so, with humbled heart and chastened soul,
I did my best, nor once lost self-control.

What gift more choice could Heavenly Father give
Than son and daughter in our home to live?
Created in his image, by his love!
O, that a heavenly light may ever shed
Its radiance around thee, little bed.



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